DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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THE PET LAMB.

This engraving after the masterpiece of the celebrated painter Collins' is one which will at a glance be understood and appreciated by all our readers in the rural districts. The scenery is decidedly English, but the subject universal. On what farm where there are children is there not a lamb selected from the flock to be a pet? Perhaps it was lame, or too weak to take care of itself, and being brought to the house was attended by the juveniles with such anxious care that it is now the fattest and strongest of the flock. When the butcher pays his periodical visit the children watch him with jealous eyes, and the pet is packed away into some secure place so that the visit may end without notice of it being taken. But when everything has been purchased and the butcher is paying his score, the lamb, which has been fretting because of the strange treatment it has received, breaks loose and makes its way into the yard, and is the innocent cause of the reopening of negotiations. At first it will not be sold at any price, for it is the "Children's Pet." The butcher thinks of the care it has got, of the milk which has been its daily food and of the cleanest grass that had been selected for it to graze upon, and in his mind he sees its "shoulders" resolve into coin paid by his most particular customer. A good price is offerered and taken and the money paid. The mother is receiving it with a sorrowful face while the youthful mourners endeavor to attract her attention to one more appeal. Around the object of all this commotion is a circle in a different mood. One sturdy boy stubbornly resists the attempts of the butcher lad to tie up the lamb; another gives it its last basin of milk, fuller than ever before offered; a third vainly threatens all sorts of punishments to the disturber of the household peace; while a fourth gives the last parting hug to the staid friend unconscious of any evil, so soon to be hurried away and offered up on the altar of the propitiator of the village appetite. But their protestations are of no avail, and their friend is harried away.

The grief is earnest but not lasting. For a few days the children will not taste lamb or mutton, but appetite soon conquers, love and their late companion is forgotten.

WHAT ARE BREWERY GRAINS?

This question seems to demand an answer at this time. The writer was not aware until lately of the extent to which they are used or he would sooner have brought the matter before the public. A few weeks ago, in the city of New York, he was asked: "Is it possible that Mr. —— of your county has made provision in the cellar of his barn for storing away quantities of grains for after use?" The question could not be answered, but it provoked enquiry, and the fact appears that the dairymen of the county are turning their attention in this direction.

Years ago he looked into this as it stands related to the temperance reform, and ever since in the matter of the poisons they contain, he has classed these grains with the beverages made from them. Since coming to Orange Co. he has been confirmed in this position. An infant in a family where he knew the grains to be fed in the dairy was sick. The child was fed from the bottle and was suffering from derangement of the stomach, which no medicine seemed to reach. It was simply a case of slow poison, and had it not been arrested, would no doubt have proved fatal. A hint went to the family. One cow was separated from the rest and supplied with wholesome food, and on the milk of that cow the child recovered, and is now well. Here is a clew to the fearful mortality among children in New York. A late writer says that the great majority of these children are fed from the bottle, and it requires no stretch of imagination to trace the connection.

A document in my possession of recent date says: "Here in Brooklyn no man dare sell the milk of cows fed from the swill or rubbish from a brewery or distillery. Such milk is proscribed by our Board of Health, and is known as swill milk. A few years since, milkmen were indicted and punished for feeding cattle with the stuff. Many cattle thus fed died. In many instances they lost their tails and broke out in sores and corruption. The poisons that are used first in malt liquors, such as ales and beer, are as follows: oil of vitriol, copperas, alum and strychnine. These are put into the vats when the mash and ground malt or grains are boiling, and are used in the fermentation also. The dross of these poisons naturally settles in the refuse grains, and has a tendency to make cows give a flow of milk for a time, which milk is not fit to use, and ought to be condemned. It will not make much butter. After a short time the cows, if fed on nothing else, will get full of sores and die. Such has been the result in Brooklyn, and hence they have a city ordinance forbidding the sale of such milk. The same results from a distillery. Cocculus indrous, laudanum, opium, sulphuric ether and oil of vitriol—these are run through in the mash," &c.

The quotation is from one who is authority in the whole matter of the adulteration of liquors and if your readers are not satisfied they can have more of the same kind. Where these grains are given in connection with other feed, the influence on the animal is not thus marked, yet where they produce the flow of milk they carry with it their poisons. Any dairyman can test this influence of feed on milk by giving to his stock, for once only, onions or wild turnips.

The New York Board of Health may wink at this iniquity as they do at other adulterations of the article, the traffic in which is no longer a small one, but until Christian dairymen can make black white there is but one course open before them. Charity forces the belief that the majority who have used these grains have been ignorant of their nature and effects.—*Ex.*

EARLY EDUCATION.

The age at which education from books should begin varies in different children, but it is desirable that the ability to read should be early acquired. The mind of a child is very much like a kaleidoscope; every new bit of information is so much added to the general stock, and forms a nucleus for fresh combinations. The child should be encouraged from the earliest age to find all the instruction and amusement he can in illustrated books and papers, the text of which may be far beyond his comprehension. In an admirable essay by Clarence Cook on house-furnishing, in a late number of *Scribner's Monthly*, we find this:

"The habit of reading books, consulting them, seeking refuge in them, early and naturally formed, has more to do with culture than might be thought. The only way really to know anything about English literature, or any other literature is to grow up with it, to summer and winter with it, to eat it, drink it, and sleep with it; and this can never be if the book-case that holds the books in the house that we grow up in has doors that lock."

Books so used will grow soiled and shabby, will get out of their covers and become "dog-eared," but the minds fed from them will be full of ideas, and whether is it better that mind should be unpolished and rusty, or books should be clean and whole? By that text, he may, under the tutelage of an intelligent mother, have laid the foundation of a knowledge of all the natural sciences. And this is better done when at home than anywhere else. An illustrated text-book in the various sciences may serve as a basis for oral instruction, or the mother may teach botany from the window garden, physiology from the child's own frame, geology from the garden and the pebbles found there, or from the coal burned in the grate, astronomy by taking the "nightly heavens as a little lot of stars belonging to one's own homestead." Unless a child can be sent to kindergarten, the best tutor for it until it has attained the age of seven or eight years is its mother, assisted by intimate and close companionship on the part of the child with the sky, the air, the birds, the insects, domestic animals, trees and flowers. The practice of confining children to an invariable routine of school duty from the time they are four years old till they are sixteen and older, often results in making mere automatons of them, and prevents the development of their natural proclivities. The main provision to be made is a chance to grow.—*Science of Health for April.*

—The *Medical Press and Circular* says:—If the rest of society consider that all doctors encourage men and women to drink, they are in a great mistake, and the sooner they are undeceived the better. We have had to record debates on the value of alcohol which have recently been held in New York, in Brussels, and elsewhere, and we have now to show that, as far as the Medical Society of London is concerned, there seems to be as great a difference of opinion as to the value of alcohol, whether as an article of diet, or as a therapeutic agent, as was found to exist among the speakers in New York and in Belgium.

Temperance Department.

IN DANGEROUS COMPANY.

"There's a sayin', sir, as maybe you've heerd, on—'Necessity makes strange bedfellows; and if any man ought to know whether that's true, I think I ought to, and no mistake! If I was ever to write my life, and put it in a printed book, that 'ere saying ought to be the mother of it.

"You was a-sayin', just now, that you never see'd any English soger drink as little as I do; but if you'd fallen in with me twenty year ago, you wouldn't ha' said that, I'll be bound! More like you'd ha' said t'other way, for I was a good 'n at the lush [drink] in them days; but while I was out yonder (it'll be fifteen year come next month, as I make it) I had stich a adventure, that it cured me, better'n the talkin' of all the temperance chaps in England could ha' done it. Ay, it *was* a bit of a adventure, that, and no mistake; and if you care to hear it, as you seem to be fond o' queer yarns, I'll tell it you.

"I don't s'pose you've ever heerd of Huttee-Bagh, for nothin' ever happened there, as I knows on, and it aint down in none o' the maps; but that's where we were stationed, anyhow. It's a little bit o' a village somewheres along the Jumna, stuck away by itself like Robinson Crusoe's island, lookin' as if it was a hundred miles from everywhere. You may think there warn't much goin' on there, and the deadness on't seemed to get into our very blood and dry us up, till, 'pon my word, we was a'most glad when parade cum round, 'cause it felt like somethin' to do. So at last (for that's how it always ends) the men began getting drunk for want of anything better—and so did I too.

"Now, mark ye, I don't stand up for gettin' drunk, no more wouldn't nobody as had any sense in his head. I've seed too much of it, and of what comes on 't, for that; but what I says is 'Everything 's got two sides to it, and it 's always best to look at 'em both.' Drink's 'specially in a burning hot climate, where you may drink a bucketful and be thirsty again five minutes arter; and when a man 's got nothin' to do, and is half mad with doin' nothin', and somebody comes and offers to stand him a drop, why, taint in flesh and blood to say No. O' course it 's a clean agin discipline, and you can't pass it over, nor you didn't ought to it, neither; but there 's two ways o' punishin' men, as there is o' doin' everythin' else. Seems to me d' ye see, as how men 's pretty much like horses—keep as firm a hand on 'em as you like, but don't go a-jerkin' of their mouths till you galls 'em, else you just makes 'em wicious, and does more harm nor good.

"But our colonel, he was one of the jerkin' sort, and a power of harm he did do with it. You see, he hadn't never been drunk in his life, and, of course, couldn't know what a temptation it was to us common folk at times, so he was always a-goin' on about 'drunken beasts,' and lookin' out for every chance of bein' down on us, till at last we got to hate him, so that some on 'em would get drunk out o' bravado, just to spite him.

"But some o' the other officers was a very different lot, and the best on 'em all, to my thinkin', was the junior leftenant, Mr. Edward B——. We all liked him, for that matter, every man Jack of us, pretty near as much as we hated the colonel. Not but what Mr. Edward could be as stern as anybody when there was need for it; but he didn't lay hisself out to catch a poor fellow trippin', like the colonel did; and when he see'd a man really tryin' to keep steady, he was always ready to hearten him up with a kind word and a kind look, that was better'n the word s'most. Fact, when you cum across him, you felt that you had to do with a man like yourself, as had feelin's of his own, and could understand yourn; whereas the colonel seemed just like some great high and mighty sort o' god away over our heads, seein' nothin' but his own pride and stiffness, and the way he meant to go hisself.

"Now, Mr. Edward had always been good to me, and 'specially arter I saved him from a prod with a spear one day when we had a bit of a skrimmage with the black fellers; for he wa'n't one to forget it, God bless him! He never passed me without a kind word or two; and when he found out as I knowed how to read, he'd lend me a book every now and then when I was off dooty, that I mightn't be driven to the canteen for amusement. (Them was his very words, and they was true enough, for many of our chaps got drunk, not so much 'cause they liked it no 'cause they couldn't find nothin' else to do.) So, o' course, as long as I had his eye on me, I was bound to keep straight; but when he went away to the hills on sick-leave (and I can t-ll you every man in the regiment looked as glum as a Lunnon fog the day he started) why then—there an't no use denying it—I began for to carry on as bad as anybody. And it was just the same with all the rest; the minute the leftenant cleared out, they all began to go on the spree and get into trouble, just as if, as my chum Tom Lee said, 'The good luck o' the regiment had gone away with him.' The colonel had his hands full that bout, and no mistake; there was more floggin's that season than e'er a one afore, and the look-up wa'n't empty once for a clean month on end.

"Now, I should tell you that this look-up wa'n't the regular one of the station, 'cause it was under repair at the time; so they had to rig a temporary 'un out of a big shed just outside the cantonment as we'd been used to store our perwisions in. It wouldn't ha' kept in a regular cracksman very long, 'specially if he'd had a knife about him; but it was quite strong enough to hold any or'nary man, with only his own four bones to help him; and as I was a-sayin' just now, it did keep in a goodish few that season.

"Well, sir, it was a good bit before Mr. Edward cum back, for he'd been mortial bad, poor young gen'leman; but the fust time as ever I see'd him arter his return, I could see d'reckly as he knowed of all the messes as I'd been a-gettin' into, and all about it. He never offered for to slang me—that wa'nt his way: but he just looked me in the face, very quietly and sadly, with his poor thin face, and sunken eyes—and then passed on without a word. Then I got quite deep'rate, and made after him hot foot, and called out, 'For charity's sake, your honor, don't think too hard of me! You knows yourself how hard 't is for a man to keep straight sometimes. I don't care a hang for bein' punished, but I can't stand being cold-shouldered by you!'

"He faced round upon me d'reckly, and I could see the tears a-standin' in his eyes; and then he lays his hand on my shoulder, and says, in the same old kind voice as ever, 'I've no right to judge you, my lad, but I do wish you'd be more careful!'

"Well, for several weeks arter that, I kep' as steady as a rock, for I never forgot them words of his'n; and although he didn't say much, I knew well enough as he'd got his eye on me, and was pleased to see me a-keepin' everythin' went well enough.

"But one night (just as if Old Scratch had planned it) two or three of our chaps had got some arrack (that's a kind of strong stuff they make out of rice, you know, and it's dirt-cheap out there) from a black feller in the bazaar; and so they set-to to have a reg'lar jollification, and they axed me to jine 'em.

"'No,' says I, 'I've done with that sort o' thing now; it's been on the black list often enough for one bout.'

"At that they all stared, and seemed quite took aback; but just then up cum a fellow o' the name o' Groves, (a spiteful chap he was, always a-lookin' out to do somebody a bad turn,) and says he, with a nasty sort of a laugh, 'Don't bother him,' says he, 'he couldn't tough a drop to save his life, 'cause he knows he isn't man enough to pull up when he's once started!'

"Byjingo! that was morae'n I could stand. I started up, and shook my fist in his face, makin' him jump back as if he'd trod on a sarpent.

"'That's a lie,' says I, 'and you knows it, you dirty sneak! I can take care o' myself as well as any on yer; and just to show that I can, I will go and have a drink with you. Come along!'

"At that they all slapped me in the back, and said I was a right good fellow, and nobody should say a word agin me; and away we all went together. (I've often thought, since, that the whole thing was got up o' purpose to get me in a row; but I couldn't never find out for sartain.) Any how, with all my brag about bein' able to take care o' myself, it wa'nt long afore I was as far gone as ever I was in my life; and the next thing as I recollect is waking up as if out o' a dream, and findin' myself a-marchin' off to the look-up atwixt two segers, with my jacket all in tatters, and a thunderin' pain in one side o' my head. Just as we got to the door o' the look-up, who should I see comin' along, not twenty yards off, but Mr. Edward hisself!

"That sight was enough to sober meat once.

"'Lads,' says I to the two men, 'for the love of heaven, stand afore me, and don't let the leftenant see who 't is!'

"They knowed d'reetly what I meant, and did their best to keep me out o' sight; but 'twan't not a bit 'o use. My tryin' to shirk him that way was enough of itself to tell him who I was; and I see'd in a moment that he'd made me out; but all he said was, 'Barclay, I didn't expect this of you!' Not another word but that; but I tell you, sir, that it was harder to bear, by a deal, nor all what come arter.

"They shoved me into the look-up, and made fast the door! and there I was. It was pretty late by this time, and the whole place was pitch-dark; but I made shift to grope out one of the store-sacks in the corner, and roll it into the middle o' the floor; and then I lay down and put my head on it, and tried to sleep.

"But I might just as well ha' tried to fly up to the moon. It was murderin' hot, the door bein' shut tight, and no winder 'cept a little bit o' an air-hole 'bout a foot square; and one thought kep' crowdin' into my head arter another, each worse than the last—how the colonel would chuckle at catchin' me tripped again, and how that sneakin' rip of a Groves would snap his fingers over me, and how Mr. Edward would think me a downright bad lot, and never trust me or speak kindly to me agin—and how it was all the fault o' my own confounded folly—till I felt fit to knock my head agin the wall. Ugh! I don't think I was ever so miserable in my life; but just then somethin' happened as put everythin' else clean out of my head.

"The sacks were all in a great heap in one corner, pretty close to where I lay; and all at once I heerd a noise among 'em, as if one was a-slidin' down over the rest. I thought nothin' on't at first; but the next minute there cum a rustlin' along the floor, as if somebody was a-drawin' a rope over it—and then came the feel o' somethin' cold and slimy slidin' over my bare foot. I knowed d'reckly it must be a snake!

"'Pon my word, I don't like to think of that minute even now! I'd always had a great horror of snakes—as well I might, considerin' how many men die by 'em in Lagy every year; but to find myself locked up with one all alone, and in the dark too—ugh! I only wonder I didn't go mad outright! But mayhap t'was just as well for me as I was so frightned, for it kep' me from screamin' just the fust moment; and then it flashed upon me, just as if somebody had whispered it in my ear, 'Mayhap if I lie stock-still, and don't sing out, the beast wont hurt me!' So I lay still as a log, while the great brute (for I could feel as it was a huge big 'un) came slippin' and slidin' up, fust over my legs, then over my body, and at last right on to my face!

"Plain enough, it was a-tryin' to make out if I was anythin' dangerous; for, d'ye see, snakes is always mighty suspicious, and if they thinks as you means mischief, they're for and for'ard it went all over me, half chokin' me with its nasty rank smell and the horrid feel of its great cold, slimy body wrigglin' and crawlin' over my hot face and my bare feet and hands. I never had stich a time in my life; and if it had lasted much longer, I think I should just have tackled him, and taken my chance.

"At last (I don't know how long it was, but it seemed a year to me) the beast began to coil hisself off me, and stowed hisself away somewheres for the night. But if he slept, I didn't; I lay crouching there all night (which it seemed as if it 'ud never end) till at last I see'd the fust gleam o' daylight begin to shimmer through the cracks in the plankin'. I think that was the welcomest sight as ever I see'd in my life!

"As soon as 't was light enough to make anythin' out, I looked about for Mr. Snake, but he wa'n't to be seen nowheres, till at last I peeped under my sack, and there lay old Sausage as large as life, rolled snugly up, fast asleep. Just then I spied a big stone in t' other corner, so I creeps across and fetches it, as gingerly as if I was a-treading on eggs, and then comes flop down on the sack with both knees, ketchin' the old sinner in a reg'lar trap. He giv' a hiss like a steam-whistle, and a wriggle as a-most sent me over, and out cum his great ugly head, with its mouth wide open; but afore he could get any further, I cum down on him with two licks o' the stone, as smashed his old head as flat as a pancake. And when I see'd as he was quite dead, I stood up, and I draw'd a long breath, like one like a reprieved just as the firin' party 's a-takin' aim.

"Just then the door opened, and in cum Mr. Edward. He was just a-goin' to speak to me, when his eye fell on the dead snake; and he stopped short, and stared like a stuck pig.

"'Good heavens!' says he, 'you don't mean to say you've been locked up all night with that brute—one of the deadliest in India—and come out alive after all!'

"'I have, though, your honor,' says I, rather pleased to show him as I was fit for summat yet; and I began tellin' him how 't was. But I might as well ha' kep' my breath to cool my porridge, for afore I was half through, off he starts, with his heels higher than his head, as if he was a-winnin' a cup. I cou'dn't think what was up with him; but afore I could say Jack Robinson, back he cum agin hot foot, and a lot o' the officers with him, and among 'em the colonel hisself, lookin' taller and stiffer than ever.

"'Now, Barclay,' says Mr. Edward, 'tell these gentlemen your story.'

"So I told 'em the whole thing, just as it happened, and they all looked at each other, and seemed wonderfully took aback. But the colonel he heerd me to the end without movin' a muscle; and then he looks me full in the face, and he says, cuttin' every word atwixt his teeth as if he was bitin' a cartridge—

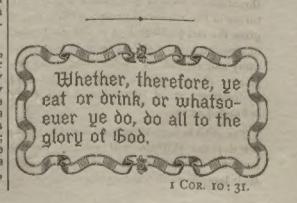
"'You may thank that snake, my man; for, but for it, I'd have given you the best flogging you ever got in your life; but I can't flog a man who 's done a thing like that.'

"And with that he chucks me a couple o' rupees, and tells me to be more careful next time; and I thinks to myself as how the old Turk wa' n't sitch a bad sort o' chap, arter all.

"Well, sir, the other officers collected a lot o' money for me, and giv' me a good price for the sarpent's skin, to hang up in their messroom; so that, altogether, I made a pretty good thing on it. But from that day to this, b'lieve it or not, as you like, I aint never got drunk not once, nor I don't never mean to it, neither."

THE WHAT EXAMPLE WILL DO.—Dr. Reid, of Glasgow, says:—Permit me to give a single instance, showing what an advantage abstinence gives to a minister in dealing with such cases. The Rev. John Griffith, M. A., Rector of Neath, tells us that a Quaker friend did much to enlighten and to instruct him. Meeting with this young philanthropist shortly after entering on his present charge, he was congratulated by him on his zeal in attacking the sin of drunkenness which so generally prevailed in the parish; and then asked, "Wilt thou tell me how many converts thou hast had from drunkenness?" "I fear none," was the reply. "Well," said he, "thou hast tried what *preaching* will do, and what *lecturing* will do; suppose thou wilt try what *example* will do!" The appeal was irresistible. It may now be reasonably asked what have been the results of his professing teetotalism. Eight hundred persons in the course of eighteen months signed the teetotal pledge; 700 young people became members of the "Band of Hope." The whole moral aspect of the town soon became changed; sobriety was soon in the ascendancy, as frequenting public-houses ceased to be considered respectable. The stumbling-block having been removed, the work of philanthropy and religion progressed. "I might fill columns," says Mr Griffith, "with the mention of the fruits of those labors. I must only mark out one for especial notice—viz., the increased influence the profession of total abstinence conferred on me, not as an individual citizen, but as a minister of the Gospel. By avowing myself on the side of total abstinence, my influence increased tenfold."

ALCOHOLIC PRESCRIPTIONS.—Some years ago I happened to be recovering from a serious illness, and during a week's absence of my regular medical attendant, a young doctor came to officiate in his place. He advised me to take a little wine. I declined. He then ran over the names of other stimulants, all of which I also declined to partake of. After hesitating a little he said, "Well, I daresay you are better without them." Last winter a fellow-abstainer, within half-a-mile of the table on which this is written, was also recovering from a very serious illness; the doctor (not the same as the one above-mentioned) advised him to get some champagne and use it. My friend said: "What good would it do me, doctor?" The doctor's conscience appeared to be at work for a moment, and then he made exactly the same remark—"Well, I daresay you are better without it." In a large town, not far distant, a doctor, whom I know well, and who is rapidly rising in his profession, states that in very many cases to which he is called, he is quite sure that the chief object with his lady patients is to get his instructions to take this and that sort of wine—and he orders it. Sorry am I to say, sir, that within a twenty mile radius of this table, three-fourths of the doctors are notoriously drunken, not merely reputed so by abstainers, but admittedly so by all. Be the reason what it may, there has scarcely a steady, sober medical student left his college class for years in this part of the country.—*Cor. League Journal.*



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Agricultural Department.

THE BEST-PAYING CROPS.

Every once in a while some poor fellow's head is turned at the report of some other body's success with some one crop or another. The figures are astounding. He firmly believes that what one man has done another can do, and he ventures in the same field, only to lose, in some cases, all. And yet it is true that almost all the best success in farming or gardening comes from close attention to some one crop, specially and above all.

But no one can tell another what is best for him to grow. Even when the soil is specially adapted to a certain crop, there are all the little details of practical culture to be mastered; and even then the question of marketing enters largely into the success of the experiment.

It is often a matter of envy with farmers of a certain class, that mercantile affairs should seem to make more satisfactory ventures than farming; but it is seldom thought over, how these very successful businesses are established. There is no reason why just the same processes may not lead to great successes on the land as in the store; indeed, it is a common experience that it is so. Hundreds of men every year make money to their entire satisfaction out of agricultural or horticultural pursuits. They are not so well known—do not make as much show as the store-keeper—agriculturists are too much scattered to make this imposing appearance—but the profits we speak of are there as surely in the one case as in the other.

These successful businesses are simply the result of a series of experiments as to what can best be done. Hardly a business that we know of, that may be pointed out as illustrative of great success, achieved that success in the line marked out for it at the start. A general knowledge of some one thing may have suggested the enterprise, but one after another, as some parts would be better understood, the least profitable would be dropped, and in many instances, firms that began dealing in a dozen articles would end in only one. We have frequently pointed out the fact, and urged on cultivators that this is the only way to get into the special crop business; but we have the matter brought to our mind just now through a history of a very wealthy farmer of Massachusetts, which is running the rounds of the papers, and serves very well to illustrate the doctrine which we have so long taught.

This man farmed as other men farmed, but with an eye to any special excellence of anything that his land, his knowledge or his circumstances might suggest. He, however, kept in with all the regular routine of farm crops in the meantime. He found that he could grow small pickling cucumbers better than his neighbors, but he did not thereupon plant all his farm with cucumbers. He knew that such a business, like the crop, must have time to grow. His first crop was on about an acre. The crop was good, but the sales were bad. For these specialties it is always hard to find a market at first. The next year he had less difficulty in selling, and he ventured to increase the acreage. Thus he has gone on till he has sold easily and at good prices the product of seventy-five acres of cucumbers, and now feels that he is safe with no other crop but this.

Now there is scarcely a district of country in the whole United States but is able to grow some one thing a little better than another thing. It should be a continual subject of experiment on every farm as to what will grow and thrive remarkably well; and having found this out, what would be the prospects of a good market for it. It is rare indeed that any one who raises just exactly what his neighbor does, ever makes a great strike in the way of wealth. He makes out of wheat, or corn, or pork, a fair, average, living price; and if he is a little more intelligent than some as to the niceties of cultivation, he may make more than his neighbor; but the rich farmer is generally he who by careful observation and calculation is able gradually but surely to get out of the beaten track.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

MAKING AND REPAIRING ROADS.

Most farmers usually expect to do a portion of their road work before harvest. The whole of the road tax should be worked before this time comes, where the old and unsatisfactory system of doing the work by day's labor is in vogue, since thus you have the roads well settled to do the after hauling on. We are fully aware that by the old plan of working roads, much dissatisfaction is felt, and much useless labor thrown away. Nevertheless, until the laws are changed so the work may be done by machines, or by contract, it must be endured. Still, proper system in the prosecution of the work, by any means, will save fully one-half the cost of labor, as usually performed by hauling earth, and filling up holes with the spade and shovel.

However the work be accomplished it must be done at the right time. If the road be rutty, and not too hard, the ruts may be filled by fastening a plate of steel to a plank, as in the common upright scraper, only so arranged as to run diagonally, and of a width sufficient to cover the wagon track—say eight feet long. This steel-shod plank is placed between the fore and hind wheels of a wagon, so that as the wagon travels forward, it cuts and scrapes the earth from the high places, into those which are lower, being governed by a lever by which it is raised and lowered; the whole being drawn by four horses. Then a heavy iron roller following after, compresses the earth, and finishes all, unless more earth is needed to raise the grade; and then the road bed is in proper condition to receive it.

One of the great mistakes often made in grading roads, is the unequal manner in which the earth is laid thereon with the scraper. Care should be taken and the hands so instructed that they shall leave the earth nearly where it is wanted. This it is almost impossible to do with the old-fashioned dump scraper. These should be cast away and replaced with modern implements which will do the work properly.

If road-making machines are used, and there are now such that do the work—in land free from stumps and ledges of rock—almost automatically, the whole process is very much cheapened and simplified. Once a town owns the proper appliances for road-making, there is thereafter no difficulty in raising the light yearly tax, in money, for highway purposes, to be expended under the direction of the proper officers of the town; and the roads of a town once graded, all that is necessary thereafter, annually, is to keep them sufficiently crowning, as they wear, to carry off the water into the ditches.

The absence of stone and gravel, except in isolated places, preclude—as we have before written—these materials for prairie roads. They must perforce be made of the ordinary soil of a district. This soil, it has been amply demonstrated, time and again, makes really good roads for fully nine months in the year, and passable roads all the time, if only they are made and kept sufficiently rounding. How to do this with the least expense to their constituents, is one of the problems which road commissioners and road overseers are called to solve. It is well known that it cannot be done economically or properly, by working out the tax in the old way, with such crude implements as farmers usually have. Without good roads the cost of getting produce to market is more than doubled; and more time and money is thus yearly lost to farmers than would pay for making and keeping in repair a good earth road.—*Western Farm Journal.*

PRESERVING SMOKED MEATS IN SUMMER.

We have been asked to give directions by which a farmer having no tight smoke-house may preserve hams, bacon and smoked beef through the summer from the attacks of flies.

We do not consider the smoke-house, as ordinarily built, to be the best place to preserve cured meats. Our July and August suns are generally so hot as to cause the fat parts to melt more or less, and this destroys the integrity of the whole.

The very best way we know is to wrap the meat in thick brown paper, and enclose each piece separately in sacks made to fit. Sew tight; dip them in a preparation of slacked lime, of the consistency of ordinary paint. Then the pieces may be packed in barrels, with plenty of ashes, or better, pounded charcoal, and kept in a cool, well-ventilated cellar, or in the coolest place in the barn.

Another plan is to wrap in paper as before directed, then in an outer layer, and pack in barrels with some good absorbent.

Still another plan is, after wrapping in thick brown paper, to pack in barrels with plenty of dry cut straw, examining them occasionally to see that they do not mould, if the weather is damp for any considerable length of time. By this plan, however, it is difficult to keep the meat from contracting mould if entirely excluded from light and air, and where light and air may enter, insects and mould are pretty sure to follow.

A smoke-house built so as to prevent the admission of light, and at the same time ensure ventilation and a degree of coolness so that the meat will not mould, may be had by placing it under the shade of a spreading tree. It should be built of brick, with an ample flue on top protected with blinds at the sides, and a wire gauze at the bottom to prevent the admission of insects, the gauze to be removed when smoking the meat. Another flue at the bottom protected with gauze allows the admission of air. Thus the house may be kept cool and well-ventilated, and by throwing it entirely open occasionally at night, when dry, meat may be kept perfectly for a long time. This smoke-house may be used for a variety of purposes, as for the keeping of ashes in districts where wood is used for fuel.—*Exchange Paper.*

Poultry for Farmers' Tables.—A correspondent of the *Michigan Farmer* says of raising poultry on the farm: "The profit to a farmer in keeping and raising poultry, is to provide for and supply his own table. A farmer cannot afford to raise eggs and poultry for the market. That is work for the women and children, let them do it if they please. Now I am talking about farmers; not about city people, or town people who live in the suburbs of cities and towns, but about farmers, men who raise crops of wheat and corn, who breed cattle, sheep and swine, who have pork, beef and wool to send to market. It is preposterous for these men to go into the poultry business. They are away from the market, and they have a market of their own, and that is their own table. The profit of eggs and poultry, for the general farmer, is in eating them. To entertain his friends and exercise the privileges of hospitality, he should have the best the land affords, and fresh eggs and fat poultry are his privilege. It is a good hen that will lay seventy-five eggs, an extra hen that will lay one-hundred eggs per annum. These are worth, on an average, at the farmhouse, one cent each to sell; occasionally they will bring fifteen cents per dozen. But if a hen lays a dollar's worth of eggs per annum she is doing well. As food for the family of the farmer this is cheap—nothing can be cheaper—but for a man to sell, nothing raised on the farm is dearer. It is a good chicken that at a year old will bring $1.25 for eggs, feathers and carcass. The profit of poultry to the farmer is in having them fresh and fat the year round, but the man who spends time running to the country store with the product of his fowls will never make a thrifty, profitable farmer. I believe in poultry on the farm, and nothing looks finer than a flock of Light Brahmas, without mixture—but I do not believe that a hen is a horse or a cow."

What the Birds Accomplish.—The swallow, swift and nighthawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers and chickadees are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, thrushes, crows and larks protect the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature; and it is an undoubted fact that, if the birds were all swept off from the earth, man could not live upon it, vegetation would wither and die, insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attacks. The wholesale destruction occasioned by the grasshoppers, which have lately devastated the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning out of the birds, such as grouse, prairie hens, etc., which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener and florist by the birds is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit; the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the vast quantities of noxious insects destroyed. The long-persecuted crow has been found, by actual experiment, to do far more good by the vast quantity of grubs and insects he devours than the little harm he does in a few grains of corn he pulls up. He is one of the farmer's best friends.

Early Cucumbers.—We read in the quotations of the prices of green vegetables for March 11th, in Chicago, the following: "There was a small consignment of very choice cucumbers received from New Orleans, which were held at $3.00 per doz." A celebrated physician being asked what was the best way to prepare cucumbers for the table, said: "Pare them nicely; cut them up in thin slices transversely, pour good cider vinegar on them, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and then throw them into the pig-pen." To all those who are careless of what or how much they eat, this was excellent advice. Made into pickles they are less dangerous, but all the good there is in them is contained in the acetic acid which fills their pores, and frequently they are pickled in vinegar made from sulphuric acid, a poison which cannot be said to be healthy. Notwithstanding thousands of children and young persons with weak stomachs, have been manufactured into miserable dyspeptics by the aid of green cucumbers, yet this edible is raised and used by almost everybody in the country, and the cities are flooded with them in their season. Perhaps it pays some folks to buy green cucumbers at $3.00 per doz, but all things considered, probably everybody but the doctors would be just as well off without them.—*R. K. S., in Western Farm Journal.*

Tree Splitting.—When I find a forked tree that is likely to split, I look for a small limb on each fork, and clean them of leaves and lateral branches for most of their length. I then carefully bring them together and wind them round each other, from one main branch to the other. In twelve months they will have united, and in two years the ends can be cut off. The brace will grow as fast as any other part of the tree, and is a perfect security from splitting. I have them now of all sizes, and I scarcely ever knew one fail to grow.—*Prairie Farmer.*

DOMESTIC.

VARIOUS HINTS.

— Frosted feet may be relieved of soreness by bathing in a weak solution of alum.

— Common wheat flour made into paste with cold water, applied dry, will take out grease spots without injuring the most delicate fabric.

— The surest remedy for chapped hands is to rinse them well after washing with soap, and dry them thoroughly by applying Indian meal or rice powder.

— Lemons can be preserved by varnishing them with a solution of shellac in alcohol. The skin of shellac formed is easily removed by rubbing the fruit in the hands.

— To remove the coal clinkers that sometimes attach themselves to stoves, put a few oyster shells into the fire, and the clinkers will be softened so they can be readily removed.

— Lemon juice and glycerine, equal parts, are recommended to remove tan and freckles. For cleansing, softening, and whitening the skin of the hands and face, nothing can be better. Apply at night, and wash off in the morning.

— Scorches made by overheated flat-irons can be removed from linen by spreading over the cloth a paste made of the juice pressed from two onions, one-half ounce white soap, two ounces fuller's earth, and one-half pint vinegar. Mix, boil well, and cool before using.

— To remove freshly-spilt ink from carpets, first take up as much as possible of the ink with a teaspoon. Then pour cold sweet milk upon the spot and take up as before, pouring on milk until at last it becomes only slightly tinged with black. Then wash with cold water, and absorb with a cloth without too much rubbing.

— Red pepper is said to have a very beneficial effect upon the hair. The article sold in the drug stores is not always fresh, but every one can cultivate the plant easily. The variety commonly known by the name of "bird's pepper" is the best, and the plant itself is so pretty that it is an ornament for a flower stand. The seeds possess a stimulating and reviving property. One seed given daily to canary-birds, if they seem drooping, will have an excellent effect.

Buns.—Rub together one lb. of butter, one and a half lbs. of sugar, ten eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, or the juice of a lemon, three lbs. of flour, a few currants if you like; beat the eggs with the sugar; dip them with a spoon into the baking pan. Bake in a quick oven.

Economical Veal Soup.—Boil a piece of veal suitable for a fricassee, pie or hash; when tender, take the meat up and slip out the bones; put these back into the kettle, and boil for two hours. Then strain the liquor and stand away until the next day. When wanted, take off the fat, put the soup into a clean pot, and add pepper, salt, an onion, a half-tablespoonful of flour mixed in cold water, and slices of potato. Boil thirty minutes and serve hot.

Shirred Eggs on Toast.—Buttered toast, one egg to each slice; butter; pepper; salt. Drop whole eggs into a dish. Set it in the oven. Let it remain there until the whites of the eggs are set. The moment the dish is taken from the oven break the eggs with a fork, add pepper, salt, and butter to taste. Then spread it on hot and crisp toasted bread, well buttered. Eggs prepared in this way are equally nice on Graham, brown, or flour bread, toasted.

Indian Dowdie is a dish we like very much. I take a three-quart basin or pan and cut it not quite full of quartered apples, sprinkle a little salt over, pour in water till they are not quite covered, then make ready a "batch" of Johnnycake or brown bread dough and cover the apples, heaping up a little. Set in the oven and bake till the crust is done and the apples soft, then take out, break up the crust, and stir all in among the apple, mixing and mixing till both are well incorporated. Then cover close and keep warm—not hot—till your next meal is ready. Then take out a plateful and pour over milk (or cream), and with a bit of cheese, will have "a dish fit for a king." I think the daintiest pudding ever made would not tempt my people from a breakfast of "Indian dowdie," made just nice.

GRANDFATHER ROGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR."

As for old Roger, he resolved to go back to London and see whether he could not get something to do in the service of his former employers. Like many active-minded old men, he could not bring himself to believe that he was past work, and he had a sort of vague hope that he might possibly be able to earn enough to enable him one day to have his darling with him again.

The neighbors shook their heads. They were better aware of how far the infirmities of age had gained on him than he was himself. Roger's mind, however, was made up. The workhouse was before him if he remained at Motfield, and he knew how good a character he had borne with his employers in the City. Thither he would go and try his fortunes, even at this late hour of the day.

The excursion train we have named enabled him to get to town cheaper than he could otherwise have done, so he fixed the day for his journey accordingly; and with almost breaking hearts he and Lily bade adieu to each other, as we have seen.

It was a great change to Lily to go from her pleasant cottage home to the gloomy town-like house occupied by Miss Hunt, who was a dressmaker of some importance in her way. The child hated having to sit hour after hour, learning to run seams and hem flounces. Miss Hunt had little consideration for her tender years, but expected her to be occupied for as long a time as the grown-up girls. She was very strict, and scolded without mercy if her work was not done well. But the greatest trial of her life was the separation from her beloved grandfather. She felt very anxious about him; she knew he went to seek a living for himself, and Lily was much older than her age in many ways. Often while running together the endless seams, which fell to her lot because she had learned to do them neatly, her little head was wondering what her grandfather was about, and whether he would ever be able to send for her to live with him. When some time had passed by and she heard nothing of him, except from a few lines he wrote soon after he arrived in town, she grew restless and unhappy, and longed to set off to London to look after him.

At last a letter arrived, telling her he had not been successful in getting any regular employment since he came to London, and that he was not very well. He had applied at his old firm in the City, but his former master was dead and his son away on the Continent. The partner, who remembered him, had given him a recommendation to a house which had employed him with temporary work during the illness of one of the clerks; but that was over now, and there was a hard struggle before him. He was lodging with a kind woman in the City, named Martha Drewet, whom he had known in former days; but he said he missed his little Lily sadly, and that sometimes he feared he might never see her again. "Anyhow," he added, "he prayed often that God would bless her, and bring them together one day in heaven, if not on earth."

There was a tone of sadness in this letter, so unlike her dear, cheerful old grandfather, that made Lily very unhappy as she read it. A piece of folded paper had fallen out of the envelope as she opened it, as if pushed in after it was sealed. She examined it, and found a few lines written in a very scrawled sort of hand:

"Roger Prynne is not well. Things are going hard with him. You had best come and see after him.

"Signed, MARTHA DREWET."

"P. S.—He don't want you to know how bad he's been."

Poor Lily! she felt almost beside herself. Never till that moment had she known how she loved the dear old man, whose side she had scarcely left all her life till she came to Stanmoor. She must go to him, for she felt sure he was ill and needed her, and Martha Drewet, whoever she was, said she ought to go. Oh, how cruel, how almost wicked it seemed not to fly to him instantly!

But then came the remembrance of her entire helplessness; London was many miles away; she had very little money of her own—only five shillings and a few pence. It had cost her grandfather double that sum for his ticket. Yet go she must, even if she walked all the way.

She knew that Miss Hunt could easily pay her journey if she chose, and with a beating heart she went to her parlor, where she was sitting making out bills for her customers.

She lived in great fear of Miss Hunt, but her anxiety for her grandfather made her bold now, and she showed her the letter, and Martha Drewet's slip of paper. But they aroused no apparent sympatny in a mind which was filled with thoughts of a very different kind. She was only impatient at being interrupted whilst adding up her accounts.

"Your grandfather is getting an old man," she said; "you must expect him to grow feeble, and not be able to do as he has done. It's a good thing he hasn't got you on his hands to keep as well as himself."

"But he is not well," said Lily, with a quivering lip.

"If he isn't you can't help it," was the unfeeling answer; "so there is no use in fretting."

"But I want to go to him," said the little girl. "I know he wants me. Oh, Miss Hunt, do please pay my journey, and let me go and see him."

The dressmaker opened her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Are you mad, child!" she exclaimed; "do you think I've nothing better to do with my money than to give it to you to go off on such a silly errand as that! Go to your work, and don't be idling any more time. Your grandfather will get well soon, I daresay."

And Miss Hunt turned to her bills with a look that, even more than her words, told Lily she need not stay there any longer.

The child went away, but the burning tears fell as she crossed the passage to go to the workroom.

A lady was there looking at a dress, about which she was giving some orders to the forewoman. She noticed Lily's face of distress, and kindly expressed a hope that she was not ill. Lily shook her head, and her tears came faster at the voice of sympathy. At that moment Miss Hunt entered, and rather

harshly desired her to go upstairs till she had done crying.

The lady, Miss Wellesley by name, looked pityingly after her, and when she had disappeared she asked what was the matter.

"The child is fretting because she has had a letter to say that her grandfather is not well," replied Miss Hunt. "She actually wants to go and see him, just as if London was only a few miles off."

"Poor child! would it be quite impossible for her to go?" asked Miss Wellesley.

"Quite," replied Miss Hunt, decidedly, and no more was said.

The next day the dress had to be taken home to Miss Wellesley's house, and Lily was desired to carry it thither. Miss Wellesley saw her standing in the hall, and made her go into her room. She was glad of the opportunity to ask her about her grandfather.

Lily was easily drawn out on the subject, for her heart was very full. She told Miss Wellesley how she had lived alone with him and her father till the death of the latter, and how he was now her only relative, and spoke of their love for each other. "And now he is ill in London," she said, "and I know how he wants me, but I may not go to him."

"Do you think Miss Hunt would not spare you to go if we begged her to?" asked Miss Wellesley.

"No," said the child; "she says she will not spend her money on such a fool's errand."

Miss Wellesley was silent for a few minutes; then she asked Lily if she knew her grandfather's address.

Lily drew his letter from her bosom, and showed it to her new friend. It was dated from 30 Little Greenway street, Ludgate Hill.

"And you think your grandfather would be glad if you went to him?" said Miss Wellesley.

"I know he would," said Lily; "and so would Mrs. Drewet;" and she showed the scrap of paper which had been enclosed in the letter.

Miss Wellesley said no more on the subject then, and Lily went home, little dreaming of Miss Wellesley's benevolent intentions on her behalf. But in the afternoon that lady called on Miss Hunt, and asked her whether she would allow Lily to go to London if her journey were paid for her.

"It so happens," she said, "that I have a maid who is going to London to-morrow, and it would be such a good opportunity for Lily to go with her. She would see her safe into her grandfather's own hands. I will gladly pay the expense of the journey."

Miss Hunt was less surprised at the offer than she would have been had she not known that Miss Wellesley spent the greater part of her income in deeds of kindness of one sort or another. She was not altogether pleased, however, at what she considered interference with one of her young people's affairs; but the lady was an old and profitable customer, and she did not care to offend her. Neither were Lily's services at present of very great value, so she consented to let her go more graciously than Miss Wellesley dared to hope would be the case.

Lily was called down, and her joy and gratitude on hearing that she was to go to London with Miss Wellesley's maid was more than sufficient payment to her kind friend for the interest she was taking in her.

Things were easily arranged. Lily was to be ready the next morning to go with Lawson, the maid, when she called for her in the fly which was to take them to the station.

Her clothes were soon packed, and by nine o'clock she was watching for the fly, which drove up at the expected time. Miss Hunt relaxed from her usual hard manner into something like cordiality at the last moment, and actually put half-a-crown into Lily's hand as she bade her good-bye, and told her to be sure and write to say how she found her grandfather, and when she should return.

"I will keep open the place for you for a little time," she said; "but a girl of your age is convenient in the house, and if you stay long I must take another instead of you."

Lily cared not about the future. To get to her beloved grandfather was all she thought of at present, and she arrived at the station with a much lighter heart than when she parted from him there some months before.

It was on a fine evening towards the end of May, that Lily and Miss Wellesley's servant drew near London. Lawson called a cab when they arrived, and according to her mistress's orders, drove with her at once to the street near Ludgate Hill where Roger was lodging. Lily's astonishment at the crowd and bustle of the streets was very great, but her chief thought even then was that she was once more near her grandfather. The cab stopped at length at the door of a small house in an obscure street, and Lawson ascertained that an old man of the name of Roger Prynne lodged there. Then she put a little parcel into Lily's hand, which she said her lady had desired her to give her before they parted, and bidding her good-bye kindly—for the child's gentle, grateful manner had won her heart—she stepped into the cab and drove off, leaving Lily standing on the step of the door.

A motherly-looking woman, with a good-natured face, had come out to speak to Lawson, and now she turned to Lily—

"And so you are Roger Prynne's little grand-daughter," she said, "of whom he talks so much. Well, well, you haven't lost any time in coming, and won't he be glad to see you! But he's been very ill, poor old gentleman, so we mustn't give him too sudden a surprise. He doesn't expect you at all."

Then Martha Drewet (for it was she) took Lily into her little parlor, where she was having tea, and taking off her hat and tippet, she made her drink a cup of tea and eat some bread-and-butter before she would let her go upstairs. In the meantime she told her how Roger had been suffering from a rheumatic attack, which had almost amounted to a severe fever, but had begun to take a turn for the better, she hoped; and she made the tears come into Lily's eyes as she related how patient he had been, and how grateful to her for nursing him.

"It would be a pleasure to do anything for him," she said, "even if he hadn't been an old friend like. I knew him when he lived in London years ago, and he's more than once done a good turn for me in those days, so I was glad when he found me out again, and asked me about lodgings. I wouldn't let him go anywhere else, whilst I had a tidy bedroom to spare."

Seeing how impatient Lily was to see him, she at last stopped talking, and went up alone to tell him of her arrival, and almost immediately she called to her from the top of the stairs to come up.

In a very humble but perfectly clean room lay old Roger in bed. Lily sprang into his outstretched arms, and lay for a moment or two pressed closely to his heart without a word being spoken on either side.

Martha wiped her eyes, and with intuitive delicacy left them together.

"God bless thee, Lily!" said old Roger, at length, the last words he had uttered at parting being instinctively the first that arose from his heart when he met her again; "and God be praised," he added, "for bringing us together again; but how did you get here? I can scarcely believe my little one is really come!"

Lily told him how it had all come about, and what a kind friend Miss Wellesley had been in the affair; and they talked for so long a time that at last Martha came in, and said Roger must take his gruel and be quiet for the night, or he would be getting worse instead of better, now Lily was come.

From this time Lily became her grandfather's constant attendant and nurse. The old man's funds, though greatly diminished, were still sufficient to enable him to pay Martha for Lily's board and lodging as well as his own. He got much better, but did not recover the use of his limbs altogether, rheumatism in his joints. This distressed him greatly, as it interfered with his walking. He had still the use of his hands, and could hold a pen and write easily, but he could no longer go about to seek for employment, nor was he likely to obtain it in so crippled a state.

Lily was his partner in anxiety, and they had many talks together as to what must be done. He wanted her to go back to Miss Hunt, but whenever this was named she implored so hard that she might stay with him that he had not courage to refuse her. In the little parcel Miss Wellesley's maid had given her from her mistress she had found two sovereigns, which that most kind and generous lady had enclosed to pay her journey back from London, and to help them in any way required. Roger would not suffer this to be touched. If their funds failed before he could get anything to do, and of this he began to have little hope, he said she must return to Stanmoor, and he must seek assistance from his parish. He said so to Lily one evening, and the distress of his countenance told her what he felt.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Family Circle.

SEA-BIRDS.

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

There's a flock of beautiful sea-birds
Alight on the sandy bar,
How they gleam in the morning sunshine!
How white their feathers are!
The tide has almost covered
The island where they stand,
And the little waves creep nearer
Along the yellow sand.

And there, at the edge of the water,
A hundred sea-birds play
Among the white-capped wavelets,
As foamy white as they.
Out there on the sandy shallow
They find their daily food;
The motherly Ocean feeds them,
Her countless and hungry brood.

She comes with a comforting whisper
And plenty of food for each
Of her little feathered nurslings,
Who wait for her waves on the beach.
Now, over the bar where they lighted,
The Tide her broad arms flings,—
Look, what a sudden uplifting
Of white and flashing wings!

Now, half of the flock are flying,—
How fair they are in their flight!
From the pale blue sky beyond them
Gleam out their breasts, snow-white.
They make me think of the angels,
With spotless robes and wings,
Or the thoughts of little children
On high and heavenly things.

And half of the flock are floating
On the dark blue sea at rest,
Like babes that are rocked to slumber
On their mother's heaving breast;
Like a bevy of water-lilies
Adrift on a quiet tide;
Or like hearts that were wild and restless,
Now tranquil and satisfied.
—*N. Y. Observer.*

"ON A CANDLESTICK."

If Allan Bleecker, immediately after he had made a profession of religion, had developed an active Christian life, I should have had no story to tell; and it is only the fact of his seeming carelessness and indifference after that event that gives me a sufficient cause for story. And it was in view of this fact that, one Sunday, after school, Mr. Coleridge, who was Allan's teacher and felt a peculiar degree of responsibility in the matter, sought to impress the boy with a sense of his obligations, and began a conversation, somewhat abruptly, after this wise:

"Are all the men in your office Christians, Allan?"

A look of surprise.

"Why, no, Mr. Coleridge; they can't be!"

"What indications have you, Allan, that they are not?"

"They swear, Mr. Coleridge, and drink—and they tell stories."

The boy compressed his lips, and Mr. Coleridge could see that the very remembrance was strengthening his moral purpose.

"Wicked stories, Mr. Coleridge!" he went on to explain.

"Do they know you're a Christian, Allan?" The boy colored and looked down.

"I don't know, sir."

"Did you ever tell them?"

"No, sir."

"Do they judge of it from your manner?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you listen to their stories.

"Not always, sir."

"Do you ever tell any?"

"No, sir, never!" indignantly.

"And you never drink with them?"

"They never have asked me, Mr. Coleridge," and the boy's uplifted countenance was so frank and fearless that Mr. Coleridge could not but be relieved.

"Well, then, Allan," he said, "you've got a start in the right direction—and you've got a big work to do."

The boy looked up enquiringly, and Mr. Coleridge went on:

"Don't talk about there being no work for you, Allan; every one don't find work in the Church. Christian work was never meant to be shut up inside of church walls, nor confined to Sunday, nor to be done altogether by ministers and missionaries. It's to go into the house, into the store, the bank, the ship—everywhere, Allan, where you or I go, where we can 'lend a hand,' or speak a word for Christ. It isn't enough simply to refrain from doing wrong things; its your business and mine to resist the wrong, to declare ourselves emphatically on the right—to shine, Allan," and saying this he linked his arm in the boy's and together they went away from the room, "to shine as lights in the world."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Plumtree, who was an excellent woman, had a burden on her heart; she had borne it, indeed, for fifteen years, but this year it was unusually and depressingly heavy. So after enduring the trouble as long as she was able, all alone by herself—for she was a widow—she had come to Dr. Eastwick, on the Monday morning after what has already been told, to tell her story and get his advice. The story was long, and I cannot recite it here, but give a few words to show its purport.

"It will be a loss to me, doctor," Mrs. Plumtree said, with tears in her eyes, "to take the boy away. Mr. Clayton is very good to him, and has raised his salary, so that now he's really a help—and places are so scarce, doctor."

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" the doctor asked, almost abstractedly.

"That's just what I say doctor; and if he stays there I'm sure he'll be ruined. He always used to be so frank and tender-hearted, and never a thing did he do wrong but he'd come right afterwards and tell me. But now, doctor, he never tells a thing; he's restless and fidgety for don't want to be alone with me; and the other night, doctor, when I went to kiss him"—and here Mrs. Plumtree burst into a flood of tears—"I knew he'd been drinking."

There was a moment's silence, in which the good woman regained her composure.

"He's a good boy, doctor," she went on; "but he's not any back-bone, and he needs some one with him all the time to put it in. If there was only one boy in the office he could lean on, he'd get along, but there isn't, doctor—not a single one," and she shook her head mournfully over the prospect.

"Isn't young Bleecker there, Mrs. Plumtree?"

"I guess he isn't any better than the rest of them, doctor."

The doctor's face fell.

"And he could do so much good," he said, sadly.

"Oh, well, doctor," returned the woman, "those as can do the most good don't always do it."

"We can all do something, Mrs. Plumtree," assented; whereupon the good old gentleman diverged into some excellent counsel which it is not necessary to reproduce here.

Now, if Mrs. Plumtree in that hour of her anxiety could have looked in at Clayton & Co.'s office in Wall street, she would indeed have found just cause for all her apprehensions.

It was a leisure interval in the business of the day. Stocks were neither coming in nor going out, money for the time was inactive, and a knot of young fellows were gathered idly around one of the desks, having no occupation but to chaff one another. There were Jack Wendover, Joe Simpson, Harry Sheridan, Remsen Cronyn, Tom Parke, Allan Bleecker, Murray Rutgers and Willie Plumtree.

I can't undertake to describe them—the limits of this paper won't allow it—except to say that whereas all the others had a fair share of manly growth and vigor, the last was a fair, delicate boy of sixteen, who seemed hardly fitted to deal with the world or to mix with men. I don't believe he was intentionally weak, but one could see in his frail form and timid manner the physical lack of moral strength which his mother had described as an absence of back-bone.

They were running each other with a ready play of wit, which was often neither delicate nor charitable, and was quite as often widely at variance with truth. Of this attack each one got his liberal share, and Allan suffered with the rest.

"Say, Cronyn!" called out Tom Parke from across the circle.

"Well?" responded the other, indifferently.

"Did you ever know our friend Bleecker was fond of his wine?"

"Not my acquaintance," returned Cronyn; these proper fellows will take it on the sly."

Tom nodded acquiescence, and Allan without speaking awaited further developments.

"Know Jim Ward, don't you, Cronyn?"

Cronyn signified that he did.

"Says he met Allan at Ten Eyck's the other night. Ten Eyck had some of his rare old port out. Jim took half a glass, and says it made his head buzz. Says he saw Bleecker drink three glasses and take two small bottles afterwards.

"To be sure!" chimed in Murray Rutgers; don't you remember, Allan, that time you and I had the champagne supper at the Brunswick?—Beg pardon, though, my dear fellow I don't suppose you do remember; I forgot what a state your head was in that night."

"Never mind," put in Sheridan forgivingly, "never mind, Allan; it's what we all do—only you ought to do it aboveboard."

But Jack Wendover's face took a judicial look, and Willie Plumtree's large eyes expanded to an alarming extent.

"I'm disappointed in you, Allan," said Jack sadly, shaking his head; "and yet it's only the 'dear gazelle' business over again. Can't you draw up a pledge, fellows—make it very strong? I think," he added musingly, "that you ought to prohibit soda-water; it's certainly a mild form of stimulant—on a hot day. Here's little Plumtree, too. By all means count him in."

"Let Billy alone, Jack," said Simpson; "he's getting educated. He'll be a man yet one of these days—won't you, Billy?"

But the boy shrank away from the rough blow that accompanied the words, and looked still anxiously at Allan, on whose face the blood had been deepening with every syllable, until now it was fairly scarlet.

"By the way," said Parke, "Jim Ward told me a capital story."

"Tell it to us, Tom," eagerly from half a dozen voices.

"It's pretty bad," he said, with seeming reluctance.

There was a loud laugh from Simpson.

"That'll suit Bleecker," he said.

But upon Tom's remark Allan had moved away and was now at his desk.

"Allan's mad," observed Rutgers, hesitatingly.

"Troubled about Jim Ward's tales I guess," said Cronyn.

"Pity he can't bear the truth," put in Parke, and Allan, hearing the remark, turned back and stood again before the group.

"It isn't that," he said hotly. Then pausing for a moment, while his lips tightened and the blood once more rushed to his face, "I don't mind how much you run me—it isn't true, not a word of it—but I can't stand that—"

Then he paused again.

"Well?" said Tom sarcastically.

"You're telling a story," Allan went on rapidly, "that I don't want to hear—that's why I'm going off."

"Phew!" ejaculated Tom; and the others set up a chorus of ironical surprise.

"Since when?" enquired Rutgers.

"*Honi soit*"—began Cronyn.

"My dear fellow," asked Tom, "isn't this a new departure?"

"What you're going to tell," continued Allan, still more emphatically, "isn't a fit thing to listen to, and I don't believe in it."

He firmly stood his ground.

"Ain't you a little fastidious?" enquired Tom, with a curl upon his lip.

"I'm not fond of touching pitch," the boy continued; "and besides"—and here his voice took on a lower tone, and for an instant his eyes dropped before the bold gaze of his half-dozen opponents—"and besides," he went on now looking them full in the face, "I'm a member of the Church, and a mighty poor one if I stand by and hear God's name profaned, and sacred things reviled and impure things told, without saying a word to prevent it."

"Don't get in a passion, Allan—that's just as bad," put in Cronyn, satirically.

Allan did not at once reply, and the reasons were obvious, for his lips were quivering and his eyes moist.

"Thank you, Cronyn," he said, quite steadily, at length. "I don't want to be unfair or uncharitable; but I don't think such things are right, and I won't take any part in them."

He waited a moment for some response, then turned slowly and went back to his desk.

"Saint!" he heard some one exclaim as he went by, and then, after a moment, Joe Simpson's voice—

"I'm going out, fellows; anyone want to come?"

"I'll go, I guess," and Jack Wendover swung his long legs off the stool.

"Don't you want to come, Bleecker?" asked Cronyn, as he too turned away.

"Bring Billy," said Simpson, looking back from the door.

"Hold on!" interposed Allan, springing from his stool, and intercepting the boy's departure. "What are you going to do with Willie?" he demanded, as Simpson came slowly back.

"Give him a liberal education," said Simpson, boldly, laying a hand on the shoulder of the boy, who shrunk back and looked helplessly at Allan.

"Now, Simpson," Allan said, and he tried to say it with due calmness, "if you try to take that boy outside this office on any such errand, I'll go at that very moment and report you to Mr. Clayton. I'll do it, Simpson, just so sure as that's your name."

The other winced.

"I suppose that's a sample of your Christian spirit," he said.

"That's just it," returned Allan, "to help those who can't help themselves."

"And to tell tales," muttered Simpson.

But the others saw the tide was turned.

"Come ahead, Joe," said Wendover. "You can't do anything with Bleecker;" and realizing the fact, Simpson moved sulkily away.

Just then one of the firm sent Willie out in another direction, and Allan had no chance for a word with the boy as he wished. But later in the afternoon, when the others had gone home and he was still busy over his cash-book, he heard a step at his side, and looking up saw the pale, child-like face looking into his.

"Well, Willie," he said encouragingly.

There were tears in the boy's eyes, and his voice was anything but firm.

"I was glad you said what you did, Mr. Bleecker," he began.

Allan flushed a little as he asked,

"Did it help you any, Willie?"

"It made me feel there was some use in trying."

Allan could see how hard it was for the boy to get over his timidity.

"Haven't you tried before, Willie?" he asked.

"Yes, I have, Mr. Bleecker, real hard; but there wasn't anybody to help, and they made me go with them, sir, and I had to give up. I always thought you were better than the rest of them," looking frankly at Allan, "but I didn't dare say anything to you about it. Then to-day when they were running you, I was so afraid it might perhaps be true," and his gaze seemed to ask further confirmation.

"There wasn't a syllable of it true, Willie," the young man said emphatically; "only I'm very sorry I've been so neglectful all the while. But if I can help you now with these fellows I'll do it; and, perhaps, Willie, we can both do something to help them," and as Willie leaned confidentially over the desk for some time longer, happier and brighter than he had been for many a week, Allan Bleecker was glad to know that he himself had not that day hid his light altogether under a bushel.

And when Willie had finally gone, Murray Rutgers, who had been meanwhile hovering uneasily around, came up in a hesitating way, and said:

"Of course, Bleecker, none of us believed that trash about your drinking."

"I didn't imagine that you did," said Allan, quietly.

"And what you said let the fellows know just where you stood," went on Jack, warmly.

"That's just what I wanted," said Allan, pausing in an interval of calculation.

"I [illegible] in the first place," emphatically, as he moved away. And then for at least ten minutes, while the column of figures remained untouched, Allan sat thinking over the day's history.

Well, not long afterward, though Allan himself never breathed a word of it, the whole of that history came to Mr. Coleridge's knowledge. For Willie Plumtree, in an agony of shame and remorse and better purpose, told it all to his mother that night, and she carried it the next day with a thankful heart to Doctor Eastwick, and he brought it promptly and gladly to Mr. Coleridge. And you may imagine with what joy the teacher learned how Allan Bleecker had set his candle on a candlestick, and was giving light to all within the house.—*Christian Union.*

THE MOWING MACHINE WHICH WORKED ON SUNDAYS.

Few men, women, or children, would unhesitatingly acknowledge that they are prone to tell lies. A lie has an ugly look; it is a disgrace; it is a cowardly and sinful thing; and this everyone agrees in. But there are plenty of kinds of lies; and some of these touch us all more nearly than we are ready at first sight to believe.

"A lie which is wholly a lie can be met with and fought outright;
But a lie which is part of the truth is a harder matter to fight."

So the poet Tennyson says; and his opinion ought to be worth something. And it is of a lie which was partly the truth that I'm going to speak now.

Our village is, like many other villages in the northern counties of England, outgrowing its name. Much smaller places are called "towns" in the south; with sessions-houses, and country banks, and sundry other glories. But our village is a village still, although its inhabitants number many thousands. Large factories are in its streets, and long rows of "villa residences" stand on its outskirts.

Our old parson died not long ago. He was a kindly man, who had long been ailing in body and failing in mind. He was unfit to do any work for years before he died; yet we missed him when he was gone, and many tears fell upon the churchyard grass the day he was buried.

The new parson is a contrast to him in every way. He has thick black hair instead of the few lines of silver which were on dear old Mr. Langdon's head. He has a clear ringing voice, and a brisk step, and he seems

as if no work could tire him. He preaches in the streets on week-days; and he is always in the cottages, or in the lanes where the work-people loiter about after work-hours, speaking to all—to hardened drinking men, to weary women, to idle, thoughtless children—and bidding all come to the dear Saviour who can alone make the sons of men happy and restful and satisfied.

Of course, many may find fault with him. Some think him meddling with the affairs of others. Some say he has "opinions." Some dislike him, and are offended at his words. But it appears to me that if the apostles Peter and Paul themselves were with us now they would be found fault with in just the same way.

The parson has his admirers too; and they are—some of them—as ill-judged and unwise as his enemies. They talk of him in terms of extravagant praise, and this only makes the other party more bitter against him.

Curiously enough, it was from one of the stanchest of his friends that this story about him took its rise, as follows. A family party was sitting round the tea-table discussing the events of a late call at the vicarage.

"How fond the vicar is of his garden, to be sure!" said one. "He came in all hot and flushed from digging and working there himself. I wonder he doesn't keep a man-servant to attend to it, and to do other odd jobs. Mr. Langdon did."

"Yes, but Mr. Langdon had private property, and this vicar has only his living," said Mr. White, the father of the family.

"And he gives so much away," added Mrs. White, in an admiring tone.

"If he does not keep a man he keeps a mowing machine. We saw it at work; didn't we, Mary?" said the eldest of the young people, turning to her sister.

Mary looked puzzled.

"Oh, don't you remember it, Mary? It was at work on the little strip of lawn at the side-door. Don't you remember?"

"Ah, yes;" and Mary laughed as she replied, "of course I remember! A large mowing machine too: and would you believe it, mamma?—it works on Sundays!"

"Nonsense, Mary," said Mr. White. Don't say such a silly thing."

"But it is true, papa," said Mary, laughing still; and her sister agreed with her.

"That I will never believe," declared Mrs. White. "However fond the vicar may be of his garden and his flowers, he would never break the Sabbath in such a way as that; he is far too sincere and too good a man!"

How it got about the parish nobody ever could tell, but certainly, a few days after this little conversation at the White's tea-table, all the world of our village was talking of the vicar's mowing machine that was kept going on Sundays!

"I don't blame him," said Timothy Rye, the leader of much of the ruffianism of the place. "I don't blame him. If he chooses to work all Sundays, why shouldn't he? 'Tis a free country."

"But I do blame him," said John Bonner, Timothy's chosen companion. "Why should he come preaching and jawing at us, making out that he is so good and we are so bad, when all the time he does exactly as we do when the doors are locked and he thinks no one can see him? He's a humbug, that's about what he is!"

And so the talk went on. And the "fact" of the Sunday mowing told very heavily against the parson.

Little Johnnie Simms said he listened outside the vicarage gate on Sunday afternoon after service, and he could distinctly hear the whirring of the wheels of the machine; and Polly Simms, his cousin, said she could catch a glimpse of the vicar working away in his shirt-sleeves!

One Sabbath evening the parson was crossing the street to the church, and he paused by a knot of idle men who were leaning against the wall. "Come in, my friends," he said, cheerfully, pointing at the open door of the building. "Come in! It is now, in the time of our health and strength, that we should remember our good Father in heaven."

No one answered him in words, but John Bonner burst into a scornful laugh as the parson moved away.

"What makes them so rude, I wonder?" said the vicar, half to himself and half to the clerk who walked beside him. He sighed heavily as he spoke; for it was very discouraging to him to meet with such conduct from men for whose souls he toiled and prayed.

He expected no answer, but the clerk said hesitatingly, "Please, sir, I think a great deal of it is along of that mowing machine!"

"That what?" said the vicar, stopping short in his astonishment.

"Your mowing machine, sir," the clerk replied, in a firmer tone; for he had heard and believed in the parson's Sabbath-breaking, and it "riled him to hear him attempt to throw dust in his eyes," as he said afterwards.

The vicar shook his head. "I don't understand you," he said; "but it is service time now. Come to me this evening and explain."

But there was nothing to explain, the clerk thought. The people were surprised at the parson talking so much about keeping holy the Sunday while he broke it himself for the sake of his garden. That was all the clerk could tell; and it didn't want much explanation.

"But I haven't such a thing as a mowing machine belonging to me!" said the vicar. "And as for working in my garden on Sundays, why, I have not time to pull up half a dozen weeds on that day, even if I wished to do so, and that you know yourself, Jacobs."

The clerk looked grave. It wasn't for him to judge, he said; and then he began to put away the books, and leave the vestry in order.

The vicar was perfectly perplexed. He made enquiries, but no one could or would tell him more than the clerk had done. At last somebody said, "It was certain that the parson had a mowing machine, for Johnnie Simms had heard it, and the Misses White had seen it."

A light broke over the vicar's mind. "The Misses White!" he cried. "Oh, I remember now!"

If no one could tell how the story got about the village no one could tell either how the explanation of it all was made public. The vicar never took the trouble to contradict one word besides that first contradiction which he had given to the clerk.

But somehow it soon became known to everybody that the whole thing was a joke between Miss White and her sister. They had called at the vicarage and seen a little red calf cropping the grass on the lawn; a poor little sick calf of Farmer Golding's which the parson had taken in to let it eat his short, sweet grass. Its small hoofs did the lawn no harm, and as it munched away the parson had smilingly said to Miss White that it was his "mowing machine."

This was the cause of the whole scandal.

This was what had kept the gossips busy in every street of our village. I had helped them. I say it with shame, that I too had wondered and speculated about our vicar's conduct.

Oh, I will try to be a "gossip" after the olden fashion! I will not be like those who "spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing." I will pray David's prayer: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips!"

And if people repeat some unkind, ill-natured "fact" about my neighbors, I will remember the story of our new parson's mowing machine. —*Tract Magazine.*

"WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE LOVELY."

BY A. D. WALKER.

How many really know that this is in the Bible? or, in other words, how many feel the importance of cultivating loveliness of character? We forget that we should "show forth the beauty of holiness." We see the value of being honest, just, pure, truthful, &c., but are slow to see the importance of being lovely. When we hear people ask God to free them from a man-pleasing spirit, we question the propriety of the petition; for in our opinion we generally have too little of this spirit, not too much. We, of course, should carefully avoid pleasing man when in doing so God is displeased; but wherever and whenever we can, consistent with duty, we should show forth the graces that attract our fellow-beings. But alas, how often does our unloveliness repel those whom we would fain see come to Christ! Some of the characters of the Bible are such lovely characters that we are forced to admire them: Abraham, his unflinching faith, his courtesy, and dignity of bearing; Joseph, his purity and forgiving spirit, also his tender care for his aged father; Moses, his meekness and patience; Ruth, her beauty, her gentleness, and, above all, her filial love; David, attractive in many ways, but especially when his father heart cries out, "Oh, my son, Absalom, would God I had died for thee! oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" Are not all these lovely characters? Then we may ask, What constitutes loveliness?

We are sure that beauty of face and form are gifts for which we should thank the great Giver of all good gifts, but all do not possess these; it seemingly is not consistent with God's will that such should be the case: but cannot we all be lovely? One young friend told us in confidence that she daily asked God to make her such as her friends would love and admire, and sometimes when in her society we have thought truly God has answered prayer, and granted unto His servant the grace of loveliness. Now to be lovely we must first be full of *love* both towards God and man; next, methinks we should be clothed with humility; these will be sure to beget meekness and gentleness, then we cannot fail to be courteous, for true courtesy springs from love. Add to all these graces purity, and we cannot but obey the injunction to be *lovely*. Our Saviour is declared to be altogether lovely, and the nearer we draw to him, the more will our character reflect His own.

A little girl, who died at the age of eleven, was wont to each day pray that she might be lovely to all. Friends, do not be afraid of making this petition your own, for, as we have said before, the nearer we live to Christ the more will we grow in the *beauty* of holiness, and at last our whole being will be robed in His loveliness.—*Methodist.*

A DOG'S FIDELITY.

Eddie Gerrold, aged nine years, of Newtonville, N. Y., went into the woods in the rear of his father's house to gather some nuts. As the evening advanced he did not return, and his parents went in search of him, but they failed to find him. They continued their search next day without success, and almost gave up the child as lost. About 9 o'clock the following morning, as most of the residents of the hamlet were in Mr. Gerrold's house sympathizing with the family in the loss of their child, "Jack," a large Newfoundland dog that had been an attaché of the Gerrold family since he was a month old, entered and seemed uneasy, and kept whining and barking at intervals. He was put outside the door for disturbing the family, and after remaining there for some time, he ran into Mrs. Scovill's house, next door, and grasped a loaf of bread that the lady of the house had put under the stove, and ran off with it in his mouth in the direction of the woods. When Mr. Scovill returned, his wife related the incident to him and he felt surprised, as Jack had always maintained a character for strict honesty. He in turn related the incident to Mr. Gerrold, and that gentleman felt pretty certain that the dog had some idea of where the child was, and new hope was inspired in the family and they waited impatiently for the dog's return. Finally, he did return in about an hour, and exhibited the same uneasiness that was remarked before. After trying various ruses to attract the family to follow him to the wood, he finally started in that direction with more than half of the residents of the hamlet after him. He led them through many winding paths, until at last they reached a chestnut grove, and there they found the boy lying under a tree with his left leg broken. The boy himself told the facts as follows: He was upon the tree, and shaking it with all his might to shake off the nuts, and lost his hold and tumbled down, his left leg striking the ground with force. He fainted, and the first thing that met his gaze when he became conscious, was the dog standing over him. This was on Friday evening, and the dog never left his side, but kept barking with all his might until Saturday morning. The pangs of hunger the boy felt pretty keenly at this time, and he made an attempt to reach some nuts that lay on the ground a short distance from him. When the dog observed this he started off and returned in a short time with the loaf in his mouth, which he deposited in the boy's lap. He ate of it with relish, and then became lonesome and began to cry. The dog started off again and this time returned with his friends. The boy was removed home and a doctor summoned from Cohoes, who set the wounded limb.—*Troy Press.*

WHEN DOES IT PAY BEST?

E. G. TAYLOR.

"My wife was a fine player when we were married, but now I never can prevail upon her to open the piano."

And before another sentence is uttered, I hear on every side, "That writer don't know what it is to be a housekeeper."

Ah! yes she does. She sees that basket full of mending loom up higher and higher till it becomes a serious question which way duty points.

"Why, how could she think of practicing with her work undone?"

My friend, if you waited till the work was all done for that promised visit, do you think that you would ever go?

Then if a life has been devoted to one object—that of becoming a musician—if at once dropped for other cares, can we count these years much better than lost? Better had they been given to books, something that may be stored away in the memory, than at the fingers' end, unless it can in some way be retained.

I know we cannot say that, let come what will, the practice should be kept up, because there may be circumstances in which it would be utterly impossible. There may be months in which her piano must stand untouched. But are there not enough spare moments which, if improved in faithful practice, will enable us to retain something of the skill of other years?

And now to our heading. "When does it pay best?" I will tell you. When the little ones are gathered around you, one on either side with baby securely fastened in her high chair, close at hand. Can you have a more appreciative audience? We may cheerfully leave "Il Trovatore" for "Uncle Sam's Farm" and "Kingdom's Coming;" "Le Rêve" for "Spanish Retreat" and "Fisher's Hornpipe;" "How Beautiful in Zion" for "There is a Happy Land," and, looking forward to the years of temptation, may we not thus secure one more link in the chain of home attractions, one more chord to win our children to us, and so be enabled to better influence them for life in this world and for the world to come?

Better a few less ruffles, a simpler robe, and mayhap, the saving of a soul from sin and ruin. Better less outward adorning, and the training of the youthful mind for the good, the noble and the true.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

JABEZ.

Who was he? Turn to the fourth chapter of first Chronicles. A dry list of names, in one of the dry places that we so often skip. Yet even here there is "instruction in righteousness." There are a few little comments on Jabez, if you will have it so, just a little oasis in the desert. "Jabez was more honorable than his brethren;" "Jabez called on the God of Israel;" "And God granted him that which he requested."

Just so among us to-day; a little oasis now and then in the level desert of our existence, in the hum-drum of business, in the commonplace and social life. What makes it so? Prayer! Now and then a merchant "more honorable" than the rest who follow the common worldly business maxims; now and then a statesman "more honorable" than his party; and now and then a Christian of eminent piety and great liberality, whose "praise is in all the churches." Why this chronicle, shining out above the common events of to-day? Prayer! There is only one way of getting honor and blessings, and keeping them when they are gotten, and enjoying them when they are gotten; that way is prayer. Business men, don't leave the house without prayer. Workmen, sharpen your spiritual weapons before you sharpen your tools. Farmers, pray to be made followers of Christ, before you begin to follow the plow. Then the distinction and the happiness of Jabez will be yours. If a man is in honor, and safe in honor, we may expect to find also that he prays; the two facts are warp and woof of the same cloth.

Daniel "stood before kings," and Daniel prayed three times a day. Elijah was mightier than Ahab, and went up to face the King of kings, in one of His royal chariots of fire; and Elijah was a man of like passions with us, who prayed. The Mussulman who falls down in prayer at the sound of the noon-bell in the minaret may teach Christians. If the hurry of the street, the bustle of the house, should give place at times to spiritual prostration, there would be a gift from God to men of even greater honors and earthly blessings than those for which they are struggling. Not only, not first, in the assembly, but the closet, "let us pray."—*Advance.*

CUNNING SWALLOWS.—As a farmer in a neighboring town was getting in his hay, he noticed an unusual commotion among the swallows, which had built a long row of nests under the eaves of his barn. They appeared greatly excited, flying rapidly about and filling the air with their cries of distress. As the load of hay upon which he was riding passed into the barn, he saw that a young swallow in a nest directly over the door had caught its neck in a crack between two shingles and was unable to liberate itself. He stopped his team and set the young bird free, restoring it to the nest. Upon his return to the barn with his next load of hay, noticing that the swallows were quiet, he examined the crack, and found they had filled it completely with mud, so that no matter how enterprising or how foolish the young swallow might be, he could not again endanger his life or the peace of that community by any experiments upon that crack.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed put into the ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all very important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a pledge, an assurance, that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning!

Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt.

COL. 4, 6.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the Berean Question Book)

LESSON VI.

AUGUST 6.]

SOLOMON'S PROSPERITY. [B. C. 992.]

READ 1 KINGS 10. 1-10.

TOPIC.—Yearning love for the Sinner.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me.—Rev. 3, 20.

HOME READINGS.—*M.*—1 Kings 10. 1-13. *T.*—1 Kings 10. 14-29. *W.*—1 Kings 9. 1-14. *Th.*—1 Kings 9. 15-28. *F.*—Ps. 92. 1-15. *Sa.*—Rom. 5. 1-11. *S.*—Rom. 8. 31-39.

OUTLINE:

1. The queen's test, v. 1-5.
2. The queen's homage, v. 6-10.

QUESTIONS, etc.—Recite the TITLE. Recite the GOLDEN TEXT. Who spoke these words? Of whom did he speak? What is the TOPIC? Who yielded this homage? Recite the OUTLINE. What is the CONNECTING LINK between this lesson and the last? In what year did these events occur?

1. *The queen's test*, v. 1-5; 2 Chron 9. 1-4; Luke 11. 31.
Where was Sheba? [ANS. In Southern Arabia. It was famous for its luxuriant wealth. See WHITNEY'S "Hand-Book of Geography."]
Of what had the queen heard? v. 1.
To do what did she come to Jerusalem? v. 1.
What was then customary? 1 Kings 4. 34.
With what did she come? v. 2.
Having come, what did she do? v. 2.
Why call this, "The queen's test?"
What does Jesus say of her in the GOLDEN TEXT?
How did Solomon meet the test? v. 3.
What eight things she saw are named in v. 4, 5?
What effect had this upon the queen? v. 5.
In what respects was Solomon very great?
Who is the "greater than Solomon," of whom Jesus speaks in the GOLDEN TEXT?
Name some tests of his *wisdom*, which he met when on earth; some of his *power*; some of his *riches*.
Have you ever tested these? If not, why?
Read 1 Cor. 1. 30, 31.

2. *The queen's homage*, v. 6-10; 2. Chron. 9. 5-9; Ps. 72. 10, 15.
What is meant by "homage?" [ANS. Great respect or reverence; usually expressed by acts.]
What confession in honor of Solomon did the queen make? v. 6, 7.
What confession is made about Jesus in John 7. 46?
Whom did the queen pronounce happy? v. 8.
Whom did Jesus pronounce so? LUKE 11. 28.
What one thing did she still desire? Ps. 27. 4.
To whom did the queen pay homage in addition to Solomon? v. 9. Why?
What was her parting gift? v. 10.
What homage should we pay to Him who is greater than Solomon?
What should we give him?

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. **That God fulfilled a promise made to Solomon?**
2. **How to make those about us happy?**
3. **To whom to yield our highest homage?**

DOCTRINE: Temporal prosperity a gift of God. 1 Chron. 29. 12; 1 Tim 6. 17; James 1. 17.

LESSON VII.

AUGUST 13.]

THE CALL OF WISDOM. [B. C. 1,000.]

READ PROV. 1 20-33.

TOPIC.—Yielding homage to Israel's King.

GOLDEN TEXT.—She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here.—Matt. 12: 42.

HOME READINGS.—*M.*—Prov. 1. 20-33. *T.*—Isa. 55. 1-9. *W.*—Ecc. 33. 1-16. *Th.*—Matt. 3. 1-12. *F.*—Matt. 7. 15-27. *Sa.*—Luke 13. 1-9. *S.*—Rev. 22. 16-21.

OUTLINE:

1. The call of wisdom uttered, 20-23.
2. The call of wisdom refused, v. 24-33.

QUESTIONS, etc.—Recite the TITLE and OUTLINE. Recite the GOLDEN TEXT. By whom are these words spoken? Recite the TOPIC. About what year were the Proverbs of Solomon written? How many did he write? 1 Kings 4. 32.

(NOTE.—Solomon doubtless did not make or compose all the proverbs contained in this book. Many of them he selected, digested, and arranged. But the mass of the book passed through his hands, or at least through his mind; and therefore it has his sanction.—*Moses Stuart.*)

1. *The call of wisdom uttered*, v. 20-23; PROV. 8. 1; John 7. 37.
Who is meant by "Wisdom?"
In what four places does she utter her call? v. 21, 22. Explain these.
Why utter them so publicly?
What is her call? v. 22, 23.
What, according to v. 22, is done by "the simple ones?" what by "the scorners?" and what by "fools?"
Are any of these things done by you?
"How long" shall they be done?
From what does Wisdom call men to turn?
Read Ezek. 33 11.
At what are they called to turn? v. 23.
How are men reproved? John 16 7-11.
What two blessings are for those who turn? v. 23.
What is the first? See Joel 2. 28; Acts 2. 4, 17.
What is the use of the other?
Have you turned? If not, why?

2. *The call of wisdom refused*, v. 24-33; Isa. 65. 12; Jer. 7. 13-16.
The refusal of this call is told in four different ways in v. 24, 25. Name each, and explain each.
What terrible result of this refusal is described in v. 26, 27?
Contrast v. 28, with Ps. 50. 15, and Prov. 8. 17.
Why this awful change?
What four reasons for it are given in v. 29, 30?
What four statements in v. 31, 32?

[NOTE.—Scholars will be profited by finding all the descriptions of *wrong* conduct in these verses, and all of penalties threatened, and writing these in two lists. Try it.]

What two blessings are promised to those who hear Wisdom's call? v. 33.
How does all this illustrate the TOPIC.
What three blessings in the GOLDEN TEXT?
Will you accept the call, or refuse?

Where does this lesson show the { FREENESS of the Gospel? / RE agency of man? / HARPFULNESS of refusal?

DOCTRINE: Future punishment. Matt. 25. 41-43; Rev. 20. 15.

HOW MEN HAVE BECOME RICH.

Isaac Rich, who left a million and three-quarters a year or two ago to found a college in Boston, began business thus: At eighteen he came from Cape Cod to Boston with three or four dollars in his possession, and looked about for something to do, rising early, walking for observing closely, reflecting much. Soon he had an idea: he bought three bushels of oysters, hired a wheelbarrow, found a piece of board, bought six small plates, six iron forks, a three cent pepper-box, and one or two other things. He was at the oyster-boat, buying his oysters, at three o'clock in the morning, wheeled them three miles, set up his board near a market, and began business. He sold out his oysters as fast as he could open them, at a good profit. He repeated this experiment morning after morning until he had saved $130, with which he bought a horse and wagon and had five cents left.

"How are you going to board your horse?" asked a stable-keeper, who witnessed this audacious transaction.

"I am going to board him at your stable."

"But you're a minor," replied this acute Yankee. "And mind, I can't trust you more than a week." The next morning the lad, who had established a good credit with the oystermen, bought thirteen bushels of remarkably fine oysters, which he sold in the course of the day at a profit of seventeen dollars. So he was able to pay for his horse's board. And right there in the same market he continued to deal in oysters and fish for forty years, became king of that business, and ended by founding a college; thus affording a new illustration of Professor Agassiz's theory that the consumption of fish is serviceable to the brain.

So Astor, on reaching New York, with his capital of seven flutes and a few shillings, goes to work beating furs for two dollars a week and keeps at furs until he is able to build Astor Houses and Astor Libraries. William Chambers, the founder of the great publishing house of Edinburgh, coming out of the day's profits of seventeen dollars. So he was able to pay for his horse's board. And right there in the same market he continued to deal in oysters and fish for forty years, became king of that business, and ended by founding a college; thus affording a new illustration of Professor Agassiz's theory that the consumption of fish is serviceable to the brain.

So Astor, on reaching New York, with his capital of seven flutes and a few shillings, goes to work beating furs for two dollars a week and keeps at furs until he is able to build Astor Houses and Astor Libraries. William Chambers, the founder of the great publishing house of Edinburgh, coming out of the day's apprenticeship at nineteen with five shillings capital, set up a book-stall with ten pounds worth of books, all bought on credit. The Harpers began by cautiously printing 500 copies of "Locke on the Understanding," and Daniel Appleton by publishing a minute volume, bound in fine paper, two and a half inches square, called "Crumbs of Comfort." George Stephenson, brakeman to a steam-engine at the mouth of a mine, began, it is true, by soiling his sweetheart's shoes and demanding a kiss in payment. But this was only a youthful sally. Her name, however, was Ann, and she was a servant girl. But soon he began to tinker at his steam-engine, and kept on in that way until he invented the locomotive, and, created with the aid of his son, the railway system.

In those lecturing tours, which are far more instructive to me than I can be instructive to any one else, I frequently see immense establishments, and always visit them when I can. Nine times in ten, if I am told their history, I am informed that the founder was a poor man, who began business on next to nothing. In Chicago, a few years ago, a mechanic invested his whole capital, and credit too, in the making of one rough, strong farm waggon, the first ever made west of the lakes. It was all he could do to live while he made it, and if he had not had the good luck to sell it immediately he would have been in a sorry plight. When I was there, twenty years after, he had a factory which turned out an excellent wagon every seven minutes. Last winter, in Norwich, New York, I went over David Maydole's manufactory, where one hundred men were employed in making hammers. He is one of the most perfect examples of a king of business I have ever met with in my life. A plain little man he is, past sixty now, but in the full enjoyment of life, and in the full enjoyment of his work. Upon being introduced to him in his office, not knowing what else to say, and not being aware that there was anything to be said or thought about hammers—having, in fact, always taken hammers for granted—I said: "And here you make hammers for mankind, Mr. Maydole."

"Yes," said he, "I've made hammers here for twenty-eight years."

"Well, then," said I, still at a loss for a talk-opener, "you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time."

"No, sir," said he, "I never made a pretty good hammer: I make the best hammer made in the United States."

And so he does; every hammer is made most carefully by hand, and tempered over a slow fire, as delicately as Delmonico's cook broils a steak for his pet gourmand. Then a hickory handle is put to it that has been seasoning for two years; and it is a hammer that dare slow itself anywhere in the world. There is thought, and conscience, and good feeling, and high principle and business sense in it. It speaks its maker's praise wherever it goes, and as long as it lasts, and it will last very long indeed. He did me the honor to give me one, which has ever since hung conspicuously in my room, admonishing me to work, not fast, nor too much, nor with a hovering polish, nor any vain pretence, but as well as I can every time, never letting one thing go till I have done all that was to make it what it should be.

—Few are aware how successfully Russia has emancipated herself from dependence on Zurich in the matter of medical education for women. According to late advices from St. Petersburg, there are this winter 171 lady students in the Academy of Medicine and Surgery in that city. Of these, a remarkably large proportion (102) are of noble birth. Seventeen are daughters of merchants, twelve of clergymen. Classified as to religion, 131 are Orthodox Russian, 23 Jewish, 12 Roman Catholic, 4 Protestant, and 1 Armenian. Twenty are married ladies. At first, there were the usual fears lest the association of ladies and gentlemen in clinics and at the dissecting table would involve insurmountable difficulties; but all such misgivings have entirely disappeared. —*N. Y. Independent.*

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